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anecdotes of Sir 'Joshew-a,' as he called him, and of his special pet, Constable. He did not care much about dialogue if he could get monologue, and seldom seemed to listen to his adversaries' arguments or replies. This was the fault of a solitary thinker, as was his love of a set, and his refusing to listen or laugh heartily to the sayings or doings of any person out of this favored circle." This last peculiarity strikes us as a misrepresentation. Here is a reminiscence of Newton, written by Leslie, and first published in a late number of the *London Illustrated News*.

Newton paid a visit to America in the year of 1832, where he married a young lady of Boston, Miss Sarah Sullivan, and returned the following year. During his absence he was elected a Royal Academician, it being understood by the members that he was about to return to England. Soon after his return he was attacked with a succession of epileptic fits, attended with loss of reason, and it became necessary that he should be placed in a private asylum, where he remained under the care of Dr. Sutherland till death released him on the 5th of August, 1835. At one time there appeared a gleam of hope that he might recover. He began an oil picture, the subject of which was the widow of Lord Strafford showing her son the portrait of his father, and he also made a number of pencil sketches; nor did there appear in any of these a diminution of his power. Among these sketches I recollect the following subjects: Christ blessing little children, Lear in the storm, Miranda and Prospero on the summit of a rock, looking at the shipwreck; Falconbridge upbraiding Hubert with the murder of Arthur; Uncle Toby, Widow Wadman and Trim; La Fleur taking leave of his sweethearts (the figure of La Fleur very good); the nurse lamenting over Juliet, whom she supposes dead; a child marching through a garden, fancying himself a soldier and saluting the flowers (this, he said, was himself, and what he used to do when a child); Bardsolph moralizing to Falstaff, Edie Ochiltree making toys for children, the Antiquary waiting for the coach, and several sketches of mothers and children. He gave me one of his sketches, a profile of Walter Scott (very like). Under it he wrote some lines of poetry in praise of Scott, and concluded with the name of "Lorenzo de Medici," whom, at the time, he believed himself to be. After his confinement he had no return of epilepsy, and his death was occasioned by an affection of the lungs, which rapidly reduced him to extreme weakness. A few days before he breathed his last the delusions with which he had been afflicted seemed to pass from his mind, and, with the exception of one or two short intervals, he spoke with perfect rationality and Christian resignation of his approaching death. Being too weak himself to read, his attendants were constantly employed in reading passages selected by him from the Bible and Prayer-book. Among others he requested to hear the funeral service, saying "it would very soon be read over him."

Newton's gentlemanly manners had procured him an introduction into the best society. He had wit and humor, and was no bad mimic; and, like most persons possessing these talents, he sometimes gave offence, and, in some instances, was as heartily hated by those who had suffered from his raillery as he was, on the other hand, beloved by those who knew him intimately, and who had proved the goodness of his heart and the perfect purity of his mind. I was one of these; and he must have been a greater deceiver than I can conceive of if he was not more entirely free from every vice than most men of his age who live as much in the world as he did.

ENTHUSIASM is a beneficent enchantress, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly spells to raise imaginary beauties, or improve real ones. The worst that can be said of her is, that she is a kind deceiver, and an obliging flatterer.—*Fitzedorne*.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1859.

Sketchings.

THE ARTIST.

WHEN artists put their pen to paper in behalf of their profession, in what may be termed a politico-economical point of view, their thoughts are entitled to consideration. The following letter was addressed to the editor of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, published in Paris. The letter was written by M. Viollet Le Duc, who is a distinguished French architect and author. We have had the letter translated for our columns, and print it with the more pleasure, because it was penned as a word of encouragement to the editor upon his undertaking to publish the periodical referred to.

"The time is long gone by, since artists formed a society by themselves, a little community indifferent to the things of ordinary life; prized by the great men of the times and equally feared as a scourge by peaceable, honest, commonplace citizens! That artist—a civilized gipsy, who lives from hand to mouth, alternating between luxury and misery; working no one knows how, and producing master-pieces no one knows where, between breakfast in the morning at Vefours and a midnight ball at the Opera; a gambler, immoral, warm-hearted, skeptical and devout, volatile and profound, ironical and reverent—this living paradox has no existence except upon the stage; we may yet believe that he is necessary for *dénoûments*,—but has he ever lived elsewhere than in the imagination of poets and romancers?

"These men of letters do us the honor to paint us physically and morally as eccentric characters, who submit with much difficulty to any kind of restraint; they are pleased to bestow upon us a pale brow, flowing locks, but badly combed, and generous sentiments, but occasionally extravagant; they locate us in a curiosity shop, either dressing ourselves or drawing, and surrounded by friends, who do nothing but sing, play the guitar, take chocolate, or practise fencing. To believe them, we are bad pay for our landlords, and the natural enemies of our grocers; we await wordy and fancy-gilt programmes before we send our children to school, and have nerves so sensitive as to be constantly torn by the petty cares of our common existence; the modest and devout grisette (another fiction of the poet) or the elegant lady are the only women who are capable of withdrawing us from our artistic preoccupations;—in the eyes of the multitude since 1820, musicians, painters, sculptors, and occasional architects, appear more or less in this category. During the last century the artist was usually represented in a drinking-shop with sufficiently bad company; his stockings were in holes, his coat was threadbare, and his shirt-frill was in disorder and stained with wine. I leave to the last century the responsibility of its own appreciation, although Joseph Vernet was a man of social distinction, and lived about like everybody else, and although M. Soufflot would go to inspect his works in a sky-blue satin coat, powdered hair, and a sword at his side, much in the way of mounting ladders—which he never attempted.

"Now I beseech our brethren, the romancers, dramatic authors or poets, to describe us in the nineteenth century, such as we are, and to cease giving us a world-reputation that we do not merit; so far forth, indeed, as the types which they have

so well imagined conformably to the requirements of the stage and of the romance, are now worn out. There are now but a few long-haired pretenders—unappreciated aspirants at our exhibitions—who strive to resemble the ancient types, and they are the dread and disgust of doorkeepers.

"If there is a class of men which for centuries has not varied, it is certainly that of the artists. Manners become modified, institutions change, laws succeed and replace each other and are destroyed, the passions or the tastes of the crowd are as mutable as the sands of the sea, artists alone remain stationary; they are now what they were in the days of Athens, Rome, and Byzantium, what they were in the Middle Ages, and during the sixteenth century. Why? It is because Art itself is as unchangeable as passion, as good and as evil in this nether world. Certain epochs have been so greatly favored by heaven as to comprehend the arts, and, as a natural consequence, artists; there have been times when society sought its chief enjoyment in a love of the arts. Why should we not behold a renewal of these times? Is there any danger in the aptitude of a civilization for the arts?

"Artists (it is important to say what they are and what they are not), have never excited revolutions; they are content to let them pass by with indifference as so many other things: they demand only that individual liberty which interferes with nobody; artists have really but one belief—they believe in Art; an artist's enthusiasm is kindled only by the beautiful, and this excludes that blind passion which is called fanaticism. The love of the beautiful is tolerant, for the artist, happily endowed, knows how to discover the beautiful everywhere; if I may use the comparison, he always knows how to extract the pure metal from the flinty rock which envelops it; that is his inward joy, his privilege, his secret. The artist is laborious—he must be so; and has never led that reckless life which the novelists impute to him. He is nowhere more happy than in his closet or in his studio; to him the evils of life appear in the abstract, and however little brain he may possess, still he desires a competency, and for that he is not so bad a calculator as one might take him to be; many celebrated artists have been watchful of their fortunes, and if some have lived like lords, they moved in lordly circles. Like women (for they resemble them in more than one respect) artists are approachable on the side of vanity; but, again like women, their vanity is delicately sensitive. Cut up into cliques they are detestable, jealous, exclusive; individually they are very approachable, good judges of men, and indulgent to their weaknesses. Observers by profession, they learn to discern good from evil, morally as well as physically; if they have few prejudices, they are instinctively scrupulous, and pass judgments upon men and things almost always true. Can it be that for this they are feared? Remark this, sir, that contrary to what is commonly asserted of them, artists have minds of a positive character; that in the affairs of life they have an equal horror of the false and of the hyperbolic. Like children, they are rarely dupes; and the world, which takes no more trouble to be acquainted with them, than it does to make itself acquainted with children, although each of us have been one, treats them, I fancy, literally like children of a larger growth; and artists treat people of the world as children treat their pedagogues—submissive and respectful in appearance, but making them subjects of ridicule within their studios. Why play off this comedy upon one another! Let the world become a little less foreign to the artist, it will, I think, gain by it; I

am sure the artist will be better for it—and more especially will the cause of Art itself.

"I hope, sir, that the bi-monthly gazette which you have undertaken to publish, among other advantages, will secure that of making Art and artists better appreciated by people in general. The artists are without an organ; to use a common expression in the periodical press, the public are strangers to them. Now, in order to appreciate the arts, it is well, in my opinion at least, to be acquainted with those who practise them; it is not sufficient to look at works of art, it is important to understand the artists, it is necessary to know how they proceed, to participate in their ideas, in their tastes, to live a little of their intellectual life, and to discard ridiculous preconceptions. The greater number of those who write on Art in the public press not only have not practised it, but do not live in the midst of artists, and with the best intentions in the world, with the most benevolent spirit; they commit strange blunders, and these repeated from mouth to mouth, acquire the force of law. If one took the trouble to confute all the heresies of this kind, which, for more than twenty-five years, have found a place in the press, and which have had an influence upon public opinion, he would be compelled to write an immense volume. In the world artists are brought face to face with an opinion often established upon gross error; they oppose it for a while; but, soon disgusted with the office of a reformer of facts and ideas, they become isolated, subside into absolute silence, and live a life confined to a circle of their own class. In the midst of a society like ours, this is almost a misfortune; for, happily our French society still requires art and artists; it feels that they constitute one of its main forces and one of the prime conditions of its existence."

INTERNATIONAL MONUMENTS.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, in an essay on National Monuments, urges the erection of memorials, commemorative of Scottish worth, in Edinburgh, as the most efficient preventive of that loss of national spirit, which the union of the crowns has a tendency to produce. Despite of common interests, each kingdom, he contends, should countenance its own peculiar glory, and live in ennobling rivalry.

When the late Abbott Lawrence was our Minister to England, the history of the puritan church of the borough of Southwark, London, was brought to his notice, and it was shown to him how intimately connected in its beginnings was that little congregation with the Separatists of Gainsborough and Scrooby, whence went out those hardy men and women to Leyden, who subsequently landed, the Pilgrim fathers of New England, on the Rock of Plymouth. The congregation at Southwark, worshipping on the spot consecrated by the martyrdom of Barrow, and other of the early Separatists, felt an earnest interest in their primitive history, as a connecting link of sympathy with the Puritan founders of New England. When they first heard of the project of erecting a commemorative monument of the Pilgrim Fathers in our New England Plymouth, some of their leading men promptly sent a free contribution to the building fund. When their own project of building in return a memorial church at Southwark was named to Mr. Lawrence, he said to their pastor, "Promise me, sir, that you will not fail to use every endeavor to accomplish your end. It is not by treaties, by diplomacy, by commerce, that the much-to-be-desired sympathy between England and America is to be effected. Let us first cherish every sentiment that can appeal equally to the

intelligence and hearts of our two nations. Nourish it by memorials; let them be sightly that men will delight to look upon them; and that, while they remind them of common ancestors and the same history, they may not be unworthy of the cause they symbolize. And let us in America share with you in the undertaking."

A few years ago it became necessary to rebuild one of the side chapels of the church of St. Botolph, in Boston, Old England, and a marble tablet in the new wall, commemorates the assistance received from the descendants of the Rev. John Cotton in Boston, Massachusetts; as that divine had gone out from this magnificent altar of Old England to minister in a mud-walled, thatch-roofed meeting-house to the first inhabitants of the New England town. As national monuments cherish a peculiar fame, it is to such international memorials that we gladly look for the sustenance of a common glory. Such an example is now to be followed in the erection of this memorial church at Southwark—a gothic edifice, to be built of a yellowish stone, somewhat resembling that of Caen, and to embrace in its plan a minor chapel, to become the depository of international memorials, a library of our common history, and relics of the fathers of congregationalism. It seems to us that architecture was never summoned to ennoble a better cause.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

WASHINGTON.—The *Century* contains, in a late number, a summary of the qualifications of the members of the commission lately appointed by the President, Messrs. H. K. Brown, J. R. Lambdin and J. F. Kensett. We reprint it with emphatic indorsement.

"Brown is in the prime of life, full of knowledge and experience as well as inspiration, and no man in America is so well fitted to head this commission and lead in this national enterprise. His manly devotion to character and fact is the element most needed, not only at Washington, but through all our artistic and literary endeavor.

"Mr. Lambdin occupies a high position. His standing as a portrait painter is one of assured respectability, while his judgment and generosity, his knowledge of Art and artists, and his well recognized ability in the management of all business connected with the interests of Art, and his personal integrity, give him eminent fitness for his place in the commission.

"Mr. Kensett enjoys a popularity well earned and fully deserved. He stands very nearly, if not quite, at the head of our landscape art. He has abundant strength of representation, his color is, we think, unrivalled in our landscape practice for truth, purity and luminousness; he has emerged from the struggle with materials into mastery over them; his composition is simple and dignified; he is never misled into mere imitation, into genre or object painting and exaggeration of detail, or exhibition of skill in dealing with it; his feeling is large and cheerful, sometimes rising into solemnity, never trivial, and seldom broken or disturbed. In personal as well as artistic character, Mr. Kensett is every way worthy of his new position, and the happy selection of these gentlemen to fill a post of so much responsibility will be matter for congratulation among all artists and lovers of Art in America."

We understand that the commission met in Washington last month.

While upon the subject of the new commission, we desire to say a word in honor of the superintendent of the Capitol extension, who may be considered *de facto* as the organ of the first or

old Commission. The time is not yet come when the labors of Captain Meigs, in behalf of American Art, can be spoken of as they deserve, for the reason that the building is not yet complete, and the best Art ordered by him is not so presentable, that the public might judge of it. Sufficient to say, in our opinion, the cause of national Art has not had an impetus similar to that given to it by Captain Meigs since the organization of the government. This gentleman, it seems to us, both through observation and inquiry, has acted with excellent intentions and with the most beneficial results to the profession. The various commissions for the Extension, as visible in the department of sculpture—when viewed in relation to Captain Meigs' resources—have been issued with the most commendable judgment and liberality. When the chief works ordered by him shall be completed and in their places, we doubt not but that the public will give him equal credit for taste. Captain Meigs took unprecedented pains, in the first place, to provide for the application of American Art to the Capitol, and in the performance of his self-imposed obligation, he has managed the appropriations made by Congress for the decoration of the Capitol with great skill. Speaking in general terms, we consider that his administration, as a purveyor of Art, is conspicuous for economy, foresight, and the best of feeling for American Art, and considering his position, it is a triumph of individual influence. The friends of Art in this country—those who are animated by a practical and earnest desire to advance the cause, and especially those in high places—are yet too few to warrant any neglect of an appreciation of their services. The best tribute that can be paid to the labors of Captain Meigs is to say that his mistakes are in fact the cause of artists' conventions and of a competent Art commission.

Boston.—A notable item of Boston Art-news is the Hon. Edward Everett's defence of Powers' statue of Webster. We do not know what effect Mr. Everett's arguments might have upon an "intelligent" jury in a court-room, as juries generally are not to be depended upon, but we do know that they would not convince a bench of pupils in an academy drawing school, or persons of admitted judgment at all familiar with Mr. Powers' works. Mr. Powers has produced admirable busts—this branch of art with him is, in a measure, a speciality—but he has never made what may be called a good statue, unless the term good and mediocre be considered as synonymous terms. His Eve, Greek Slave, and California, the most ambitious of his performances are, we are told by excellent authority, faulty in anatomy, and we will assume the responsibility of saying, that they are low in character and vulgar in sentiment. That Powers' statues have been popular is owing, not to any positive merit they possess, but to the fulsome, inconsiderate praise of them by men of literary power in the community, who (actuated by good motives, we admit), have not scrupled to employ the choicest language in their behalf, nor stopped short of the most extravagant comparisons in order to clinch their verdict with the public. We have ourselves listened to beautiful sentences, most skillfully worded, and uttered in a calm, deliberate, impressive, even musical tone of voice, embodying the opinion of a truly eloquent man, concerning the merits of the Eve and Greek Slave, the climax of the speaker's admiration being the dethronement of the Greek and the installation of American Art. On this occasion the judicious did not grieve, but they smiled. Mr. Everett himself pursues the same course by quoting "the superintendent of the Tuscan Gallery," who, referring to Powers, was led to "compare the youthful American

sculptor to Lysippus, who alone, of Grecian artists, was permitted to model Alexander the Great." We strongly suspect that the "superintendent" knew that Mr. Powers had modelled the bust of his listener. As for the English authorities quoted by Mr. Everett, anybody familiar with the qualifications of English amateurship, knows that they are little better than our "intelligent jury." The nobility of their rank and position, at all events, is no proof of their possessing that delicate perception and critical capacity which men ought to be acknowledged to have to constitute them judges of an artist's labor.

We have no desire to underrate Mr. Powers' ability as an artist. He has decided ability; for, as we said above, he has produced admirable busts. But we do desire to see all artists have fair play before the community; and, therefore, protest against the special pleading of this case, and the undue influence of literary partisans of any class in all cases, and all decisions of incompetent committees. Instances like the Webster affair in Boston, embody, with much that is of useful study in relation to Art-management, the most significant evils of it, namely, irresponsible judgment and personal favoritism.

BALTIMORE.—This city hitherto has been conspicuous for its adherence to the old masters, and with some degree of justification, for several excellent specimens of the Art of the old masters—Dutch, Italian, and English are to be found there. A change is taking place, however. Baltimore is becoming conspicuous for its perception of the value of original Art, whether best or not, according to authorized standards; the works of native artists are getting to be prized on account of their truthfulness of aim and labor, and perhaps for the still better reason of their intelligibility. The result of this disposition in Baltimore is apparent in the noble commissions that have been given to Leutze for subjects illustrating the Revolution, besides a large number of commissions to artists of New York and Philadelphia, who have been engaged upon them during the past winter. As one of the proofs of the transition state of public appreciation of Art in Baltimore we quote the following report of a sale of old masters. "A lot of paintings were disposed of at public auction, and from the prices realized we should judge that the pictures were described with some slight inaccuracy in the catalogue, or that portion of the public which attended the sale was most absurdly ignorant of the true value of works of Art. An "original," by Guercino, sold for \$1; one by Andrea del Sarto for \$5; one by Sir Joshua Reynolds for 50 cts.; one by Ansel for \$1; one by Albert Durer for \$4; one by Ostade for \$7; and one by Ommeganck for \$4. Parnegiano, Teniers, Salvator Rosa and others flourished conspicuously among the artists whose productions in any country in Europe would realize thousands for every single dollar paid on this occasion."

PHILADELPHIA.—Art-progress continues to be of marked character in this city. We understand that a club, in its constitution and aims like the Century Club, has been organized, and is now in active operation. In addition to the club, a studio-building is about to be erected with a view to afford accommodation for Philadelphia artists ample enough and attractive enough to induce artists to remain there instead of emigrating as many of them would otherwise do. We are rejoiced at this, because there is no city in the Union which now offers superior advantages to the artist,—or better future prospects, provided Philadelphia once becomes fully sensible of the value of the artistic class to a community.

We are indirectly informed that the annual election for officers

of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts took place last month. The board of directors and officers for the coming year is the same as that of the past year, with, we believe, but one exception, that of the president, the Hon. Henry D. Gilpin, who declined reelection. Although the Academy loses the official services of Mr. Gilpin, we are confident that it retains a warm and intelligent friend—one whose interest in the cause of Art requires no official position to induce him to manifest his sympathy for it or for the institution which he lately presided over. Caleb Cope, Esq., a former director, and one of Philadelphia's most honored citizens, is elected president of the Academy in the place of Mr. Gilpin.

MR. EDWIN WHITE, an American artist, who has been residing for some years in Paris, returns to the United States in about ten days, with his much admired picture of "General Washington Resigning the Command of the American Army." It is painted for the Senate house at Annapolis, where the scene described took place, and at the expense of the State of Maryland. The canvas is about nine by fourteen feet; it contains about thirty portraits, besides many imaginary figures; and, as a composition, I think it will be esteemed as highly as any in which the person of Washington has ever been made the prominent feature. Mr. White receives \$6,000 for it.

Mr. Cranch, who has been spending the winter in Rome, has returned to Paris, where some of his finest pictures have been painted. He brings with him his picture of the "Palace of the Cæsars," just finished, and one or two others, part of the fruit of his winter's sojourn in the Eternal City.

Page, the artist, is here, on his way to London, where, I understand, he has some desirable orders waiting him, and where it is not improbable that he will make a protracted stay.—*Evening Post.*

ARCHITECTURAL GOSPEL.

MR. J. W. PRIEST has lately made plans for a new Episcopal church at Canterbury, N. Y. The foundation is partly built, and it is hoped that part of the building, at least, will be inclosed in time for use during the present summer. This will be gratifying to many of the numerous visitors from the city, who throng that beautiful region every season. The church will eventually consist of nave, chancel, sacristy, south porch, and a tower, and is to be constructed of brick, with a shingled spire. The tower and spire, however, are not expected to be built at present, although the foundation will be laid so as to be ready for any future liberality of the parties interested.

An Academy of Music is to be erected in Brooklyn. Mr. Leopold Eidlitz is appointed architect.

NOTES ON THE WEST, IN TWO LETTERS—LETTER ONE.

June 15th, 1859.

Dear Crayon:

I HAVE not had the pleasure of seeing your familiar face since the first of May last. You, doubtless, presented yourself at my desk with your accustomed promptness on the first of June, but my desk was deserted, for I had gone to the West. And now, that I have returned, I feel a longing to tell you of the men and things I encountered on my travels; of the works of art I examined, and of Dame Nature, whom I visited in her workshop (atelier, I suppose, is the artistic expression), and I wish to say a word or two of what I did not see, for the sake of the positive moral to be derived from the contemplation of the negative.

To begin, I went to see the falls. Now, pray, do not be frightened, I intend no description of Niagara Falls. Church has painted them for us, it is said, with such unwavering fidelity, that unless the sky was clear and the sun shining bright, he for-

bore to touch his canvas lest lowering shades should dull the brilliancy of his colors. On the appearance of the smallest cloud in the far West, he ceased his artistic labors, deposited his pallet in its accustomed drawer, and left his brushes soaking, for brighter days, and went forth from his studio to —. But we have no right to inquire where he went to, particularly as it was desirable to keep his movements secret; enough for us to know that he painted his great picture which the world has been permitted to gaze at, and that we have the privilege to go up by rail to Suspension Bridge, and see for ourselves whether Nature can compare with Art. Gignoux has painted it by moonlight, and an endless number of poets have sung Niagara in prose and in verse, and, pray, what is left to a poor traveller like me to say or to do in the matter, beyond following in the wake of the admiring crowd and give three cheers for Church, three more for Gignoux, three for their noble patrons, and a small tiger for the falls themselves?

I had an idea of presenting to our artistic public a picture of Niagara by candlelight. No doubt it would have been a fine speculation. The dear public loves extraordinary performances so much! A picture that looks for all the world like the object it represents, leaves upon the mind of the real go-ahead Yankee a feeling of dissatisfaction, akin to the tasting of the oily *luchrymi christi*, in the expectation of meeting with something stronger than a sherry cobbler. Bold combinations are more fortunate—crowd into a broad gilt frame what nature distributes as gems upon miles of landscape prospect, and you have gained a bold victory over an appreciating public. It is true a few critics will grumble, but this proceeds only from ignorance, for they do not understand their audience, or have not the courage to acknowledge the merits of a popular work. As I said before, Niagara by candlelight could not fail to be a lucky hit, and were it not that I have never seen the Falls in that degree of semi-illumination, and (I may as well confess it) that I know not *how* to paint, I should certainly try my hand at it. I can imagine what you will say, dear CRAYON; you will say, "Go in and win; yours are obstacles that have been repeatedly overcome, and with the most brilliant success." A manuscript by a blind man, a treatise on sound by a deaf one, a race between a cripple and a snail, are fine speculations; a picture by a man who cannot paint, of an object he had never seen, would make the fortune of a Peter Schlemihl. But, dear CRAYON, I am too modest for the undertaking, indeed I am, and so must decline.

And what is there in the Falls of Niagara that we are so enraptured with them? Water we see in abundance in a long, interminable canal, rocks without end we find where least wanted; we all know that water will rush over a precipice, and that the rays of the sun are resolved by a prism into the colors of the rainbow. Why are we surprised, enchanted, awed by the spectacle presented to us by the Falls of Niagara? Simply because of the abnormal state of things. There is marvellous beauty in the construction of a blade of grass, an insect, or even in a drop of water. Wonderful is the machinery that guides the movement of our hand. Remarkable are the ploddings of a daily laborer. And yet we consider that neither of these objects are peculiarly interesting or poetical. It is not a blade of grass we long to look at, but the aloe; not the insect we admire, but the alligator and boa-constrictor; nor do we take an interest in the sparkling dew-drop, but reserve our admiration for the wild ocean. The laborer is treated with contempt, while the politician or warrior is exalted into poetry.

Even so with Niagara Falls. As long as the river is flowing on in the even tenor of its course between its low banks, it is but an unnoticed, insignificant stream; but when its green waves wildly rush over a shelving bed of rocks, and boil and bubble in dense volumes of glittering foam, and the waves chase each other in turbulent contest, and, spread the area of their sway broader and broader, forcing a passage between rocky barriers with their own might and plunge down an abyss in two broad sheets, more like melted metal than a soft, pliable fluid; when we listen to the sullen roar and gaze upon the majestic clouds of spray that slowly arise and commingle in form and brighten with color the crags and trees on either side, dropping pearls and diamonds upon the radiant leaves as the clouds float upward; when we observe all this, standing upon an island that seems to totter and tremble on the verge of this playground of the elements, apparently let loose in a career of destruction, we are impressed and become admirers of infinite beauty! If an inhabitant of another planet could coolly contemplate the common course of life here upon earth as we look upon the dust of the wing of a butterfly through a microscope, I have no doubt but that he would find much justly to admire, and almost everything worthy of being thought poetical; but with us it is different—the current course of events, every-day business and every-day men and things weary our minds and hearts with their monotony, and we long for something beyond the hum-drum life we lead to force our blunt perceptions into an appreciation of God's nature. It is not sufficient for us to look through the microscope of Art, upon simple features of beauty, no matter how lovable, that are selected and reproduced for our undisturbed inspection; we seem to need the exalting influence of nature in her eccentricities, and the faithful reproduction of these by Art, to add to the prose of life that poetry which alone can raise us above mere animal existence.

Whatever merit the suspension bridge may have as an achievement of engineering, as an architectural production, it is decidedly ugly.

The Great Western Road (Canada) deserves a favorable notice for the solidity of its construction, from the track down to the most insignificant woodshed, and for the perfection of its management in every detail.

Passing by Lake St. Clair, I learned that the waters had of late years retreated so much from the shore as to bring into profitable cultivation many thousands of acres heretofore consisting of useless swamps. I think that the inland lakes of this continent are nothing but large spreading rivers, which will ultimately wash for themselves narrower and deeper channels, and expose much of their beds to form prairies out of, and one cannot divest himself of the idea that most of the prairies have been, at no remote period of time, great beds of extensive inland lakes which have now subsided into streams like the Missouri and the Mississippi rivers.

Milwaukee is finely situated on a gentle slope rising westward from Lake Michigan. The highest point of this slope is occupied by a house of refreshment, namely, a lager beer and coffee saloon, where, of warm evenings, and I regret to say, of Sunday afternoons, good music is discussed, not by a brass band, but by a German silver band. Instruments of that metal, or a composition near akin to it, are peculiar to that part of the country, and I must confess I do not regret the absence of the brass. In Milwaukee the best lager beer in this country is manufactured, a matter in itself unworthy of your notice were it not for a brewery there erected by one of the native architects of that

city (whose name I have unfortunately forgotten), which is a perfect gem of brick construction, much aided, of course, by the beautiful yellow brick made in this region. Several stores and other business buildings, erected by Dillinburg, are highly praiseworthy for their constructive treatment, for repose, and chasteness of detail. Milwaukee also boasts of a monster hotel, a building as large as it is ugly, and to speak within bounds, say twice as large and twice as ugly as our Astor House.

Chicago, on the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, is some eighty-four miles distant from Milwaukee. If you should ever find yourself on that road, you will be aware of your approach to Chicago (say within an hour's, or, at least, half an hour's travel by rail), by observing the prairie to be laid out in city lots. The process of manufacturing city lots out of swampy prairie land, is as simple as it is inexpensive. They dig two parallel ditches, say forty feet apart, and what is situated between those ditches is called a street, and the residue is sold for city lots.

The immense sums of money (borrowed money at that) which are squandered in Chicago on the vilest architecture, would be sufficient to rebuild Athens, restore the temple of Jerusalem, and complete the dome of Cologne, and build a new City Hall for the poor city of New York, and there would still be enough left to build up a very decent provincial town of twice the size of Chicago, and ten times the real commercial advantages of that place, without being mean or niggardly in expressing the character of such a city, or doing injustice to its commercial, financial, or intellectual standing in the community of cities.

But the Chicagoites think differently. They say that New York is a very clever sort of a place, but rather slow; "real go a-headiveness" is only to be found in Chicago. If New Yorkers spend all their money for indifferent architecture, Chicago spends all it can beg, borrow, and get in debt for, in perfect abortions of buildings. They are as substantial as the "baseless fabric of a dream;" built of marble with wondrous extensive embellishments in forms never dreamt of by civilized architects; cornices of unheard of dimensions, cry aloud, "Look at me, and refuse to admire me if you dare!" Characteristic of the place are the advertisements of photographers at the principal hotels, who offer to take views of any building in the town with its surroundings, for the purpose of raising money on bond and mortgage abroad. Thus the half of Chicago is owned by New York capitalists, and I venture to predict will be a poor and unsafe investment.

Between Chicago and St. Louis it is all prairie; in coming out of Chicago, and when about ten miles distant from that place, my neighbor remarked that we were now on the highest ground between the two cities; and when asked at what elevation we could boast of being, his prompt answer was, "Five feet above the level of Lake Michigan." Nature, literally, "spread herself" when she made northern Illinois; and I incline to think she is still spreading herself, for her work there is not yet completed. The solids and the fluids do not appear to be completely separated. Mother earth appears like one vast interminable soaking green blanket covered by a lowering sky, which is in constant communication with it by means of water, rising and falling in such quantities that it is hard to determine whether it rains upward or downward. Long, coarse, and sickly grass, of a doubtful green, is the only object visible besides the fresh-ploughed fields. Trees, too, are to be seen, but only scattered in places upon the extremest horizon. Everything is reeking with moisture. The track in many places is covered

with standing pools of surface water. The herds of cattle and pigs, grazing on this prairie, are shivering with dampness and coldness, and anxiously looking for a wholesome blade of grass to refresh themselves with. The men and women you meet show unmistakable signs of the fierce battles they are constantly fighting with the fever and ague. This is a great country for railroads. It is graded to hand in every direction. When they wish to connect two towns by a railroad, say two or three hundred miles apart, they put up tall poles at the termini, and lay sleepers and rails in that direction—there is no obstacle in the way except the convexity of the earth. Prairie soil is but a poor foundation for a railroad; sleepers and rails, anxiously looking for a firmer foundation, sink deep into the mud, until thrown up again violently by the frost. Travelling by express trains, which trains, by the way, have the habit of stopping at every station—a station being frequently a mere wood-pile—is not what we in this part of the country generally understand by that mode of locomotion. Twenty miles an hour is a great achievement—according to western notions, but not so to

Yours truly,

SNODGRASS.

CRITICISM.

A CRITIQUE in an English periodical (*The Saturday Review*), on Millais' "Spring," now on exhibition in the Royal Academy, sets forth some intelligible principles in relation to criticism. The writer says that, for a picture to attract attention, is something in its favor, and thus continues:

As far as it goes, it is a merit in literature, painting, or any of the fine arts, to excite interest. It is clear, however, that this alone is not sufficient. *A man may command attention by his faults just as much as by his merits, and whoever is satisfied with notoriety alone, can always obtain his end.* That "Spring" is a singular painting is certain enough. The coloring, the subject, and the composition, in it, as in most Pre-Raphaelite works, seem to be studiously made as unlike the common run of pictures as is well possible. This singularity is not alone sufficient to condemn it, any more than to establish its excellence. Without assuming that the ordinary treatment is wrong, it is quite possible that other methods may be right. No painter can give a perfectly adequate representation of nature. A one-sided, formalized repetition is all which can ever be hoped for, and we have only a right to demand that more important elements should not be sacrificed to less important, and that an artist should rightly estimate, and rightly employ, his powers. The principle which lies, or at any rate lay, at the bottom of Pre-Raphaelitism, is undoubtedly sound, when broadly stated. It is nothing more nor less than that nature is wiser than man, and that conventional rules should not be allowed to blind us to evident facts. Unhappily, it is much easier to lay down an indisputable axiom than to carry it out consistently in practice, and unimpeachable truths frequently bear very ambiguous fruit. The Quakers, like the Pre-Raphaelites, started with a repudiation of conventionalism, but they have become the merest formalists of all existing sects. The Pre-Raphaelites bid fair to follow in their steps. They are generally known, not for their greater fidelity to nature, but for their oddities. This is the inevitable result of all such spasmodic attempts.

In our last number we had occasion to comment on the portrayal of illness, etc., in a picture, as a means of impressing the mind; the writer of the above says, in respect to a work of this class:

Mr. Windus, in his "Too Late," seems to think that emotion is only to be expressed by a look of ghastly illness. This is not true Art. A painter who resorts to expedients such as these, is like a dramatist whose only notion of tragedy is an abundant use of poison

and the dagger. The taste which demands such painting is not healthy. It is akin to that vein of religious thought which prefers displays of fanaticism and melodramatic death-bed repentances to an even and honest life.

A WRITER in Dickens' new periodical, "All the Year Round,"* indulges in some humorous reflections on the nature of Art-subjects, suggested by a catalogue of the Royal Academy Exhibition. He represents himself as an invalid and confined to his bed, where he speculates upon the attractions of various pictures as suggested by their titles. Classifying the collection under six headings, he says of

Head Number Three: The pictures that I don't think I shall look for. Here, once more, I trust myself implicitly to the titles. They warn me, when I go to the exhibition, to be on my guard (without intending any personal disrespect toward the artists) against the following works, among many others:

"Pæonian Woman. 'When she came to the river, she watered her horse, filled her vase, and returned by the road, bearing the water on her head, leading the horse, and spinning from her distaff.—Hærod. Terps. 12.'" No, no, madam; I know you, and your extract from "Hærod. Terps. 12" has no effect upon me. I know your long leg that shows through your diaphanous robe, and your straight line from the top of your forehead to the tip of your nose, and your short upper lip and your fleshy chin, and your total want of all those embraceable qualities which form the most precious attribute of your sex in modern times. Unfascinating Pæonian woman, you can do three things at once, as I gather from your extract; but there is a fourth thing you can't do—you can't get me to look at you!

"Warrior-Poets of Europe contending in Song?" Well? I think not. What can Painting do with such a subject as this? It can open the warrior-poets' mouths; but it cannot inform me of what I want to know next—which is, what they are singing? Will the artist kindly stand under his work (toward the end of July); and, when he sees a sickly-looking gentleman approach, with a white handkerchief in his left hand, will he complete his picture by humming a few of the warrior-poets' songs? In that case, I will gladly look at it—in any other, no.

"So sleepy!" Dear, dear me! This is surely a chubby child, with swollen cheeks, and drooping legs. I dislike cherubs in Nature (as my married friends know), because I object to corpulence on any scale, no matter how small, and I will not willingly approach a cherub, even when presented to me under the comparatively quiet form of Art. "Preparing for the Masquerade?" No; that is Costume, and I can see it on a larger scale in Mr. Nathan's shop. "Felice Ballarin reciting Tasso to the people of Chioggia?" No; I never heard of Felice Ballarin; and it does not reconcile me to his being painted, to know that he is reciting at Chioggia. "The Monk Felix?" Bah! a snuffy man with a beard; let him move on, with the Pæonian woman to keep him company. "Ideal Bust of a Warrior?" I fear the temptation to look at this will be too much for me; although I know, by experience, that ideal busts of warriors always over-excite my system even when I am in perfect health. It will be best, perhaps, not to venture into the sculpture-room at all. "Unrequited Love?" "The Monastery of Smolnoi?" "Allopp's new Brewery?" No, no, no; I must even resist these, I must resist dozens more on my list—time and space fail me—let me abandon the fertile third head in my classification, and get on.

Head Number Five: The pictures that puzzle me. These are so numerous, as judged by their titles, that I hardly know which to pick out, by way of example, first. Suppose I select the shortest—"Happy!" Not a word of quotation or explanation follows this.

* Published in New York by J. M. Emerson & Co., simultaneously with the London edition.

Who (I ask myself, tossing on my weary pillow)—who, or what is happy? Does this mysterious picture represent one of the prime Minister's recently made peers, or a publican at election time, or a gentleman who has just paid conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or a group of enraptured ladies at the period when watch-spring petticoats were first introduced, or boys at a Fantomine, or girls at a dance, or dogs in a cover, or cats in a dairy? Impossible to say: there are ten thousand things the picture might represent, and it probably depicts the ten thousand and first, of which I have no suspicion. Hardly less puzzling is "A Lesson on Infant Treatment." What is infant treatment? In some families it means a smack on the head; in others, it means perpetual cuddling; in all it implies (for such is the lot of mortality) occasional rhubarb and magnesia. Is the lesson painted here a lesson on the administration of nauseous draughts, fond kisses, or corrective smacks? Do we read in this mysterious picture a warning against the general nursery error of pinning up a baby's skin and a baby's clothes both together? Or is the scene treated from a heartlessly-comic point of view; and does it represent a bedchamber by night—papa promenading forlorn with his screeching offspring in his arms, and mamma looking on sympathetically from her pillow? Who can say? It is a picture to give up in despair.

"Gretna Green.—A runaway match; the postboy announcing pursuit; one of the last marriages previous to the alteration of the Scottish law, with portraits painted on the spot." More and more puzzling! Portraits painted on the spot, when the bride and bridegroom are running away, and the postboy is announcing pursuit! Why, photography itself would be too slow for the purpose! Besides, how did the painter come there? Was he sent for on purpose beforehand, or did he take up his position on speculation? Or is the artist himself the bridegroom, and was the taking of his own likeness and his wife's the first idea that occurred to him when he was married? Curious, if it was so. I am a single man myself, and have no right to an opinion; but I think, if I ran away with my young woman, that I should give up my profession for the day, at any rate.

No. 835—No title; nothing but this quotation:

A guld New-year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hæe, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie, etc.

What can this be? a sconsie lass takes a walk on a New-year's morning, with an old bag over her shoulder; a mischievous Scotchman rips it open most improperly; exclaims, "Hæe!" for which he is little better than a brute; and abandons the poor girl in a situation which it wrings the heart to think of. Is that the picture? I object to it as "painful" if it is.

"Death-bed of Lorenzo de Medici. Father-Confessor Girolamo Savonarola demands, as the condition of absolving Lorenzo de Medici of his sins, that he should restore liberty to Florence, refusing which, he abandons him to his fate." How, in the name of wonder, can this be painted? Which of the two things is the father-confessor doing? Is he making his demand, or abandoning his unfortunate victim to his fate? If he is making his demand, he must be painted saying something, and how can that be done? If, on the other hand, he is abandoning the patient, the question arises whether he ought not to abandon the picture also, or at least be three parts out of it, so as to convey the two necessary ideas of rapidity of action and of personal absence from the bed-room. I don't see my way to this work of art at all. Still less do I understand "Harvest," the pervading sentiment of which is supposed to be expressed in this one alarming line of quotation:

When labor drinks, his boiling sweat to thrive.

CHAPMAN'S Hesiod.

Incredulous readers must be informed that the above is copied from the catalogue of the present year, at page twenty-seven. What on earth does the line mean, taken by itself? And how in the world do the resources of Art contrive to turn it to graphic account in a picture of a Harvest? Say that "When labor drinks" is personified, in the foreground of the scene, by Hodge, with a great mug in his hand, how,

in that case, does the illustrative faculty of the artist grapple next with "his boiling sweat to thrive?" Is Hodge presented bubbling all over with beer, at a temperature of 1 do not know how many hundred degrees Fahrenheit? And if he is, how does he "thrive" under those heated circumstances? Or is he hissing and steaming out of his own large bodily resources; and is he trying to condense his own vapor with successive jets of cold small beer? Nay, is he even one Hodge only, boiling, sweating, and thriving? May he not be possibly multiplied into all the Hodges in the neighborhood, collected together in the harvest-field, and obscuring the whole fertile prospect by scalding agricultural exudations? I protest I am almost in the condition of Hodge myself, only with thinking of this boiling perplexity—except, indeed, that I see no chance of thriving, unless I drop the subject forthwith to cool my heated fancy. When I have done this, all succeeding titles and quotations become mirrors of truth, that reflect the pictures unmistakably by comparison with such an inscrutable puzzle as a harvest-field, painted through the medium of Chapman's Hesiod. With that work my bewilderment ends, through my own sheer inability to become confused under any other circumstances whatever; and here, therefore, the list of the pictures that puzzle me may necessarily and appropriately come to an end also.

Studies among the Leaves.

In a long and admirably-treated essay called "The Relation of Novels to Life," by one Fitzjaines Stephen, are sundry observations, critical remarks, etc., upon novels and authors, which are interesting, even if not accepted as dogmas, or admitted to be on that side of the question which the reader inclines to. The writer begins by saying:

We have discarded many of the amusements of our forefathers. Out of door games are almost inaccessible to the inhabitants of cities; and if they were not, people are too much tired, both in nerve and muscle, to care for them. Theatres and spectacles are less frequented than they used to be; whilst the habit of reading has become universal. These causes increase the popularity and the influence of novels, and, measured by these standards, their importance must be considered very great.

The majority of those who read for amusement, read novels. The number of young people who take from them nearly all their notions of life is very considerable. They are widely used for the diffusion of opinions. In one shape or another, they enter into the education of us all. They constitute very nearly the whole of the book-education of the unenergetic and listless.

—and how far they contribute to knowledge of the world is thus illustrated:

It may be questioned how far the habit of reading novels contributes to knowledge of the world. The undue prominence given to particular passions—such as love, the coloring used for artistic purposes, and a variety of other circumstances, are so much calculated to convey false impressions, that it may be plausibly doubted whether the impressions formed are, in fact, better than none at all.

Such a judgment appears to us too severe. If a young man were, according to Mr. Carlyle's suggestion, to be shut up in a glass case from eighteen to twenty-five, and were, during that period, to be supplied with an unlimited number of novels, he would no doubt issue from his confinement with extremely false notions of the world to which he was returning; but if, during such an imprisonment, he had made it a point of conscience never to open a novel, he would, in the absence of extraordinary powers of observation and generalization, be strangely puzzled on reëntering life.

What we call knowledge of the world is acquired by the same means

as other kinds of knowledge, and consists not in mere acquaintance with maxims about life, but in applying appropriate ideas to clear facts. This application can only be made by a proper arrangement and selection of the material parts of the facts observed; and this arrangement is effected, to a very great degree, by guesses and hypotheses. No one will be able to make any use of his experience of life, or to classify it in such a manner as to add to his real knowledge, unless he is provided in the first instance with some schemes or principles of classification, which he starts with, and which he enlarges, narrows, or otherwise modifies as he sees cause. . . .

Novels, perhaps, offer a greater number of such hypotheses than are to be derived from any other source; and though they give them in a very confused, indefinite manner, they gain in liveliness and variety what they want in precision.

After devoting many pages to considerations on the practical representation of characters in novels, the author takes up the subject of love:

The well-known dogma of Aristotle, that the object of a tragedy is to excite terror and pity, might be paraphrased by saying that it is the object of a novel to describe love ending in marriage. Marriage in novels occupies almost always the position which death occupies in real life: it is the art of transition into a new state, with which novelists (with some very rare exceptions) have little or nothing to do. No doubt, a happy marriage is to a woman what success in any of the careers of life is to a man. It is almost the only profession which society, as at present constituted, opens to her. The mistake of novelists lies not so much in overrating the importance of marriage, as in the assumed universality of the passion of love, in their sense of the word. The notion which so many novels suggest—that if two people who have a violent passion for each other marry, they have necessarily acted wisely—is as unfounded as the converse, that if two people marry without such a passion, they act unwisely.

It would be impossible for any one to dispute altogether the existence of some such passion as is the foundation of most novels; but it may safely be affirmed that it is very uncommon, that it is a very doubtful good when it exists, and that the love which the prayer-book seems to consider as a condition subsequent to marriage, is something much more common, and very different. In novels it is considered as the cause, in the prayer-book as what ought to be the effect of marriage; and we suspect that the divines have been shrewder observers of human nature than the men of the world. In the morality of almost all novelists, the promise ought to be, not "I will love," but, "I declare that I do love." The wisdom or otherwise of a step upon which so much of the happiness of life must turn, is made to depend, not on the mutual forbearance and kindly exertions of the two persons principally interested, but upon their feeling an exceptional and transitory passion at a particular moment.

To attempt to give an accurate definition, or even description of love, would be presumptuous, if not pedantic; but it may safely be affirmed that one of its most important constituent parts, if not its essence, is to be found in a willingness to discharge the duties implied in the relation of the persons loving, in order to please or benefit each other. Love between the sexes is not the only kind of love in the world. Its specific peculiarities arise, like the specific peculiarities of all other kinds of love, from the peculiar relations and duties implied in the relation of husband and wife, which, however, operate principally by giving color to the common sentiments of friendship and confidence, and, above all, to those which spring from the habits of society. To use the language of a very great man (employed in maintaining a proposition which to some may seem questionable)—

"It must be carefully remembered, that the general happiness of married life is secured by its indissolubility. When people understand that they must live together, except for a very few reasons known to